

SOUVENIRS OF BYRON

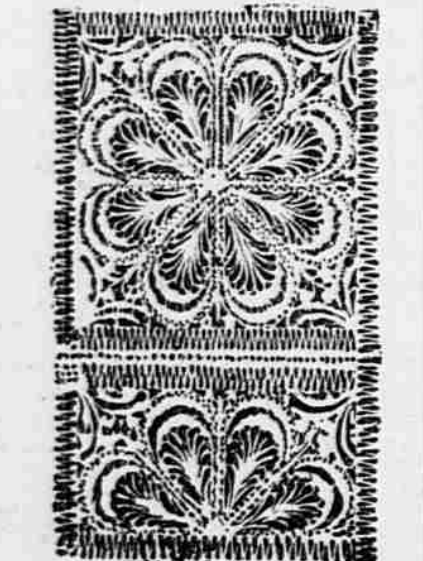
AN INTERESTING COLLECTION TO BE PLACED ON VIEW IN NEW YORK.

Miniature Done on Ivory by Alfred Chalon and Once the Property of Sir Walter Scott—Personal Effects.

From the New York Tribune.

There was placed on exhibition a few days ago at the American art galleries, New York, a particularly interesting collection of souvenirs of Lord Byron. These relics have been collected in the course of several years by Senhor Salvador de Mendonca, until June of last year Brazilian minister to the United States.

The collection was disposed of by public auction, and the sale attracted a large number of admirers of the poet, as



BYRON'S GOLD FILIGREE CARD-CASE.

well as general collectors of rare and historic objects. Senhor Mendonca has been able to gather together articles of many different kinds, each of which has its own story or peculiar interest on account of its connection with Byron's life. There are several portraits of him—some in oil and others pencil sketches—a number of little personal belongings, the original draft of his will and a book containing many poems, sketches and papers, which were found among the poet's effects after his death.

The most important of the portraits is Sir Henry Raeburn's painting of Byron at the age of 17. The Scotch Royal Academician has succeeded in giving a vivid idea of the personality of the youth, who seems much older than his years, his face already expressing the violent, passionate nature of his manhood. There is also a miniature of Byron, done on ivory by Alfred Chalon.

A Famous Miniature.

This was once the property of Sir Walter Scott, having been given to him by Charles Leslie, the painter. After Scott's death the miniature was sold for the benefit of the creditors of his printing house in Edinburgh. Senhor Mendonca bought it fifteen years ago at a sale of some possessions of Fitz-Greene Halleck. According to a relative's story, Halleck had received it from Washington Irving, who in turn had got it from William D. Ticknor of Boston, but the connecting link, or links, between Sir Walter Scott's ownership and that of Mr. Ticknor have never been traced.

In the book of poems and sketches referred to above there are two interesting pencil drawings of Byron by the artist, Charles Linsell. One is a beautiful head in profile, said to have been drawn after Byron's death, and the other is a full-length sketch of the poet as a lad of 18, dressed in sailor's costume and leaning against a great rock. The same artist has also made a little sketch of the Hellespont at the point where Byron swam across, and to this is appended a memorandum telling the circumstances of the feat. These are only a few of the interesting things in the book, which contains 400 or 500 pages.

Still another Byron likeness in the collection is one upon a bronze medal, which was struck by the Greek government in memory of his services to the cause of that country's freedom. The portrait is a profile, and at the side of the head is the one word "Byron" in Greek letters. Upon the other side of the medal are lowering clouds and forked lightning, beneath which a bay tree grows unharmed, and below is a Greek inscription signifying "Ever imperishable."

Beautiful Personal Relics.

The more personal relics of Byron include, among other things, two rings, a card-case and a perfume case, which he always carried about him. These articles were once in a collection owned by Robert Francis Cooke, a partner of John Murray, Byron's publisher. Senhor Mendonca bought them at a sale in London in 1882. One of the rings contains a miniature portrait by H. Bone of Lady Byron, and her husband is said to have worn it always, despite their quarrels and separation. Another is a heart-shaped ring, of beautiful workmanship. The card-case is an exquisite specimen of artistic gold filigree and the perfume case is an old little tin-plate made of a large walnut shell. This has been varnished in some way, and the halves open upon hinges, disclosing a velvet lined interior, in which are two tiny bottles with gold stoppers. These bottles held attar of roses. One bears the initial "N. for Neil," and the other "B. for Byron." The words "Souvenir, Mrs. Hopper are engraved on the rim. Mrs. Hopper was the wife of John Hopper, the English portrait painter.

A picturesque timepiece in the collection is a clock of French gilt, in the Directoire style. This is of superb workmanship, and is said to be still capable of measuring the hours accurately in spite of its age. In the same style, though in bronze, are a pair of small Italian candlesticks, the bases of which are ornamented with Byron's coronet.

The poet's will, which is remarkably fresh looking, considering the number of years that have elapsed since it was written, is framed in a handsome case of red leather, silk lined, and is a valuable paper. It bears the single word "Byron" as a signature.

An Art Pupil.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A prominent Detroit woman with a very great interest in juvenile mission work has this excellent anecdote to tell.

One of her classes in a certain mission is composed of little street children to the number of twenty or more, whose ages range from 2 to 8. Most of the scholars are boys though now and then one notices the pinched face of a little daughter of poverty in the ranks.

The other day the lesson was on the peculiarities of English. Words that are pronounced alike and spelled differently, and words that are pronounced differently but spelled alike were discussed at length. She explained the difference between lead, the metal, and lead, the verb, and the children grasped the point instantly. Then she took the two words week and week, and explained the difference in the meaning and use of the two. She called on Israel Sug, a boy in the class, to use the word "week" in a phrase. The little fellow thought a moment, then answered: "A week old woman." The teacher nodded approval and smiled into the eyes upturned to hers.

"Now, Jerry Ryan," she said, turning to another little boy, "you take the word week and use it in a phrase. Jerry thought a moment, and then he rose, replied: "A week old baby."

"Different women have met the question in different ways," I tell you some of their plans, says Anne Rittenhouse, writing in the Philadelphia Press.

One woman has decided, in the bitterness of last summer's experience, that she will not waste her money on a summer tailor gown. It is to be fervently hoped for, and prayed for from the pulpit, that she shall not have to endure another summer like last summer very soon. I believe the weather bureau states the entire agony we endured when they relate the fact that the thermometer stood at 90 degrees for

REWARD FOR TOM MCCARTHY.

Legislature of Utah Offers \$5,000 for the Capture of a Noted Outlaw.

From the New York World.

There are two prices upon Tom McCarthy's head. He himself values it at a price too high to be worth considering. He will sell it as dearly as possible. The state of Utah has offered \$5,000 for it.

Mr. McCarthy pursues the pleasing and exciting occupation of a highwayman, outlaw and cattle thief, and is ranked as a master in his profession. He is the leader of a gang that makes its rendezvous in the Blue range of the Rockies, where he has equipped and fortified a cave, even providing it with some hook or crook with artillery.

Just before the war with Spain the government of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming had made arrangements to unite their militia in a movement upon McCarthy, but the war stopped that plan.

From a town named Moab, which they have terrorized, the bandits get their supplies. They have even wired their cave and its approaches for dynamite charges, so that in a desperate case they could blow up a party of assailants.

There are about two hundred members in the gang, including many escaped convicts from Colorado, Utah and other Rocky mountain regions. They have nearly given up train robbing in recent days, and confine their depredations to stealing cattle, which are shipped East. There are dealers and checkers sent in payment for cattle he has stolen are cashed by third persons in Western banks.

There are gruesome tales of skeletons found in rocky places near McCarthy's cave, and killing there has been more than one. The Utah legislature has passed a special act, and the money is waiting for some one who has more nerve than Tom McCarthy.

But there is nobody in Utah or in the neighboring states who is really anxious to try to earn the \$5,000 by braving the outlaw in his cave.

WON HER TITLE OF M. D.

Mrs. Fellows, a Missouri Woman, Graduate of a Chicago Medical College.

Mrs. Marie A. Fellows, the only colored woman graduate of the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons in the class of 1898, is as plucky and as well educated as she is pretty and charming in manner. She began the study of medicine in the Bennett



MRS. MARIE A. FELLOWS.

Medical college, but as soon as the College of Physicians and Surgeons opened its doors to women students she transferred herself to that institution.

Mrs. Fellows was born near Richmond, Mo., in 1882. Some years ago she took a course at the Metropolitan business college. She speaks German fluently, and is an accomplished musician. She will locate in Chicago.

Lafayette Monument Sculptors Chosen



PAUL BARTLETT.

Who Will Make the Equestrian Statue.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"They tell me your gait was esteemed one of the finest in the regiment."

"You flatter me."

"No, Lieutenant Wagstaff said you marched with a magnificent gait."

"The lieutenant may not be a good judge."

"I fancy he is. To my mind there is nothing that makes a man more presentable and really attractive than a graceful walk. My curiosity is greatly aroused. May I ask a favor of you?"

"Then I would like to see you walk."

And she handed him his hat.

Explained.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"When he went away he gave me a look of his hair."

"Was that all?"

"Yes."

"There was a moment's silence."

"The two women looked at each other."

"It was generous of him."

"Not at all," said the other woman coldly.

"He told me his hair was rapidly falling out, and that I could just as well have it as not."

The teacher—"An always let yer whole weight follow yer blow!"

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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GIFT OF FRANCE.

The Beautiful Sevres Vases That Have Been Placed in the White House.

From the Detroit Free Press.

An interesting ceremony took place in the blue room of the White House a few days since when the French ambassador, M. Cambon, presented to the government and to the American people, as represented by President McKinley, two magnificent Sevres vases, a gift of the late Felix Faure, president of French republic, in commemoration of the opening, last August, of the new Franco-American cable, on which occasion the heads of the two nations exchanged the first message over the new line. The vases and pedestals stand about eight feet high and are of that exquisite deep blue so characteristic of the very finest Sevres ware.

The history of this exquisite ware is as interesting as that of an ancient noble house. In 1562 the entire series of Sevres were purchased by Louis XV. It is related that when Oscar of Sweden was in Paris a few years ago he went into the official exposition of Sevres porcelain. Here the king noticed that it was arranged with care, but three pieces, and with considerable surprise consulted the attendant, who

told him that those three plates were worth a small fortune.

"I have more plates of blue celeste than that," his majesty replied.

"You are young," the king of Sweden, the caller answered.

"May I ask your majesty how many of these plates you possess?"

King Oscar turned to Count Rosen, his companion, and asked: "How many have you?"

The reply was: "Two hundred and fourteen pieces, your majesty."

The attendant was dumfounded, but managed to inquire how the china had been so carefully preserved. Whereat the royal visitor remarked sagely:

"Oh, that is easily accounted for. You see, in Sweden we don't have any revolutions."

JOHNNIE WHITE, AN ESTRAY.

How This Council Bluffs Boy Did Not Go to Fight the Fill-

pians.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Kidnaped by the Twenty-first Infantry, U. S. A. That in a nutshell is the story told with many tears by 13-year-old Johnnie White, late of Council Bluffs, Ia.

He once had the idea that, like the minstrel boy, he would go to the war, and, per-

haps, in after years

figure at the Yankee

Spanko veterans' union as the drummer of Calocan, or some other place.

These dreams have vanished, however, and now the dearest wish of his heart is to be home again with his mother.

On Monday night Johnnie drifted into the police station in Council Bluffs, Ia., and there told Sergeant Peterson that he boarded the first section of a train in which were the soldiers of the Twenty-first Infantry, regulars at Council Bluffs.

He just wanted to look around and, boylike, he had stayed too long, and before he knew it he had crossed the river in the train and was in Omaha. Then the thought of journeying to Manila struck him.

The soldiers hid him in the train and when he was next let out of one of the bunks he was miles from home in the desert and feeling very blue. He could not go back, and so he traveled on to Oakland and there he deserted the army.

A telegraphic message to his father, who is a carpenter, brought back the answer: "Hold him for further order. Will arrange for him to come home." Sergeant Peterson is "holding him" in his own home, and Johnnie is now anxiously awaiting the time to start for Council Bluffs.

TOOK AWAY HIS CUSTOM.

How the Druggist Insulted the Small Boy and Thereby Lost a Penny.

From London Spare Moments.

The other day a chemist was awakened about 1 o'clock in the morning by someone clanging at his shop door. Opening his bedroom window, he saw a small boy, who was gesticulating wildly.

"What's the matter?" inquired the chemist.

"I want a pen-orth of camphorated chloroform for t' toothache," howled the lad.

The chemist was not overjoyed when he found how small the order was for which he had been so rudely awakened from his slumber, but, taking pity on the sufferer, he dressed himself and went downstairs to supply the much desired relief. While measuring the drug he could not help indulging in a growl at the lad.

"It's like your impudence," he observed, "to wake me up at this time of the night for a pennyworth of chloroform."

"Oh, is it?" said the boy resentfully.

"Then I'll take my custom somewhere else. You can keep your chloroform. I won't have it now, for your cheek."

And he didn't wait for the chemist indignantly, nursing his jaw, to wake up some other chemist.

Youthful Revenge.

From Stray Stories.

"Oh, Georgie! Who opened the canary's cage?"

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